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## Original Papers.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.  
Leaves from Memory.  
BY J. M. L. S. S.

In one of the mountain counties of North Carolina, when its wilds were traversed by the Indian alone, settled a newly married man, for the purpose of exchanging goods for skins. The honeymoon had scarcely passed away, when the young wife was called on to fulfill her marriage vow, and forsake her home and friends, and follow to the Indian country her merchant husband. All their goods and chattels were moved in an ox-cart, which suffered much from the roughness of the roads, and Mr. and Mrs. Schiller located in 182— in an Indian hut, situated in a beautiful glade, where the wild grass waved luxuriantly, and the sturdy oak had rarely felt the effects of the woodman's axe. A large hill, covered with oak, hickory and chestnut trees, rose in solemn grandeur a little distance in front of their cabin, and in the distance the Alleghany mountains strove with each other for the mastery in altitude. A bright and gurgling streamlet poured along its water almost at the door, and the feathered songsters kept the forest alive with their carolling.

Prosperity attended the merchant, and in a little time a two-story log house became his home. Cattle and swine fattened on the rich, wild grass and acorns of the forest; skins were exchanged for a new stock of goods, and by dealing kindly and gently with the red men, Mr. Schiller became a wealthy settler. Having gained the confidence of the Indians, his store was their resort.

In the meantime, heaven had given them an object for their mutual love, and the log house was enlivened by the cries and smiles of the young Augustus. In a country, where as yet there were no schools, meeting-houses, and indeed but few settlers, it is not strange that Augustus should have grown up wild and intractable as the deer or the panther. Yet his mother was a woman of such fervent piety, that the lessons taught the boy in those wild woods made a deep and lasting impression.

Twelve or fifteen years made wonderful changes in this world of ours; and beyond the Blue Ridge, necessity and the love of adventure had caused houses to be built, towns to grow up, and the various occupations of life to be followed, after the same fashion as in the older countries. *Maidville*, (now rejoicing in a more euphonious name) was located near Mr. Schiller's residence, and the forests that had once been left to the tenancy of herds and flocks, were changed into commodious residences. And instead of the roaming Indian, with his gun and budget of skins, the white man, with all his civilizing propensities, walked the streets of the village, and cultivated the earth in the neighboring localities.

Augustus too had changed. The school and Sabbath preaching, together with the mild trainings of his excellent parents, had as they fondly hoped, checked the waywardness of the growing youth; but bad companions had been his misfortune; the flowing bowl had been tasted, and the gentler influences of a mother's love were destined to be exchanged for the maddening ones of the wine cup. A few months had sufficed to create a fear that the poor boy was irretrievably ruined, and the parents endeavored to win back his affections by parental kindness. He was sent to a distant school, where other scenes and associates, it was thought, could have a beneficial influence. It was all vain. The accursed habit had fixed its hooks of steel upon him, and books, discipline, and the entreaties of his parents' letters, concentered in the endearing language of a father's love, or bedimmed with a mother's tears and sanctified by her prayers, were all forgotten or despised in his madness. A dislike for the school at length brought him home, where the career of this unfortunate young man wrought fearful changes in his fond mother's health, and as a last resort, he was sent to the University to take an irregular course of study.

One might think Augustus never reflected, or such a course would have been abandoned. Yet his letters bore unmistakable evidence, that in his cooler moments, his conduct assumed its proper aspect in his own estimation. At the University he attained his 21st year, and promised in his letter home that he would reform. He saw about the same time a gentleman who was going to move to his native county, and taking a fancy to the gentleman, expressed a wish that he might have some daughters. Mr. Toller bought land and moved, and Augustus was soon introduced to his eldest daughter, an amiable and interesting young lady. Her influence won him for a while to sobriety, and his naturally strong mind soon won for him the respect and confidence of his friends. They hoped the reformation was effectual.

The war had begun between Mexico and our country. North Carolina was called on for a regiment, and her mountain boys were anxious to try the tented field. Augustus was induced to join in a farewell frolic with some of his old friends, who had volunteered, and having thus lost his reason, he the next morning announced to his family his determination to join the company which he did. God grant that I may never witness such another scene as was enacted in that household when he bade them farewell. His departure almost broke his mother's heart, and her tears and sobs of anguish must have unmanned him. He persevered and reached Smithville. The company being too large, they drew lots whether to go to the company, he joined as a detachment to a company in Mexico, or return home. Augustus drew the latter, and went to Charleston on a spree. He reached Augusta, and finding a wagon there from the mountains, bought him a keg of rum, and with this for his baggage, accompanied the wagon home.

It were useless to depict the scenes thro'

# Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

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which he passed in this trip, and his spree lasted for some weeks after his return home, which was similar to all sprees, and therefore need not be written. There were sufferers on account of his folly. As I saw his younger brother guiding him home from the grog-shop, in a state of beastly intoxication, repeating it day after day, my heart forbade my looking at him; for shame must have mangled that brother's cheek. Let him who cries out against total abstinence, and rails at the Sons as fanatics, have to lead home a drunken brother, when the eyes of the multitude are upon him, and my word for it, he will see some necessity for the Sons. Thro' this brother's instrumentality, Augustus was finally sobered, and after suffering all the horrors of such recovery, and being crazed through want of the stimulant, his love for Miss Toller came over him in all its power. But shame for his past life prevented him from calling on her. He remained sober for some months, and at length, after repeated attempts, managed to tell his love, which was reciprocated with a young heart's affection, which was willing to throw a mantle over the follies of the past, and go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear.

Twenty three years have passed away, since Mr. Schiller settled in the Cherokee nation, and registered their reports in heaven. The Indian is no longer his neighbor; the wild forest has been changed into thriving settlements; the little village is prosperous; Mr. S.'s hairs are whitened, and Augustus is an industrious, sober, influential citizen. His little Ellen is now the child, and in her winning childishness, forbids the thought that she shall ever experience the horror of seeing her father intoxicated. The Sons now claim the old man and Augustus as members, and it must make that father's heart glad to see his son sitting in the W. P. C. chair, and administering the pledge to those who might err as he has erred.— Heaven grant to shield him in the hour of temptation, and make him a still brighter ornament to his Division and society.

## FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. The Duty of the People.

In a former communication, Mr. Editor, I barely stated my position in relation to temperance and politics. I now desire to give, more fully, my reasons for the position which I then took, and also to give the reasons why I think all patriots should occupy the same position. We have used moral suasion until it has effected nearly its all, so far as the traffic is concerned. The time for pathetic and philanthropic appeals to liquor dealers has passed. All those who will still vend the poisonous beverage must be reached by something harsher than moral suasion. To reason with such men, would be an act that might well be compared to that of Xerxes, when he commanded the rocks in the Hellespont to remove, in order that his fleet might pass without danger. This haughty monarch possessed so much power that he thought every thing should obey his commands. So, likewise, has king alcohol's power reached such a pitch, that, notwithstanding he is spreading death, pauperism and crime over the land, he still has, through the influence of the Legislature of North Carolina, his vile angels stationed in various portions of the State, to deal out death and damnation to its constituents, and thereby people the infernal regions below, over which Pluto reigns.

Looking with the utmost horror upon such a state of things, and believing as I did that it was a duty incumbent upon me, both as a citizen of North Carolina and as a patriot, to do my utmost to put down the liquor traffic which caused it, I took the position that I did; believing it to be the most effectual mode by which my object could be accomplished. To sever the ties of party is very hard, but I hope we will all have the moral courage to do it, when justice and humanity demand it. The overthrow of the liquor traffic is of more importance than all party politics; and when we contemplate that the next Legislature will have but little political business to do, the last having laid off the State into Senatorial and Congressional District and apportioned the House of Commons, we feel that we can all relinquish the ties of party, and vote for justice, and for right. This is a sacrifice which we must undergo, or be defeated. What patriot is there who is not willing to give up the ties of party, for the interest of his country? For what were parties formed? Simply and emphatically for the good of the country. If, then, parties were formed for the good of the country, and they oppose a principle which we all admit to be of more importance than all parties combined, it behooves us, as patriotic members, to sacrifice those parties if need be, and vote for the man who are for their country, and not for party and self.— It is, Mr. Editor, the duty of the People to take this firm and patriotic position, and thereby protect themselves from the innumerable wrongs which they have hitherto suffered. The politician, whose interest is aggrandized by this soul-destroying, hell-deserving liquor traffic, will seldom be found to advocate the cause of bleeding humanity, when it comes in contravention with his own political advancement.

We see, then, that we, the people of North Carolina, must first move in this cause or it will fail to triumph. When the sovereigns of our State shall will that this traffic shall be abolished, their will must and shall be obeyed. If we will combine and concentrate our efforts in the accomplishment of our patriotic object, we can, and we will triumph. On the other hand, if we allow party to lead us astray, we will be unworthy of a triumph, and unworthy of the inestimable benefits which it would confer. Let us then unite in the laudable effort to obtain the abolition of this foul traffic, upon the principle that we will support no man for the Legislature of North Carolina who is opposed to a prohibitory law. If we are too unpatriotic to take this independent position, we will receive a defeat as well as merit it.

The State Temperance Convention which assembled in Raleigh previous to the adjournment of the Legislature, passed a series of resolutions, recommending that each county should hold Temperance Conventions and appoint Delegates to the District Temperance Convention, and also to the State Temperance Convention, which is to again assemble in Raleigh. Now, Mr. Editor, without any presumption on my part in recommending the following resolution, I earnestly and sincerely hope, that either this or some similar resolution will be adopted by each County Temperance Convention previous to the appointment of Delegates, by the District Temperance Conventions, and also by the State Temperance Convention; thereby making it a general thing throughout North Carolina. The resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That we will support no man, either directly or indirectly, for the General Assembly of North Carolina, who is opposed to abolishing the sale of ardent spirits, as a beverage, by law; for the reason that we conceive the abolition of the traffic in human blood and crime, to be of more importance to the people of North Carolina, than all parties combined.

If the different Conventions will pass some resolution similar to this, and stick up to it in the election next year, we will have one of the ablest Legislatures that ever assembled in Raleigh, and in addition to that, we will have one of the best and most republican laws that was ever enacted by our noble old State.

This Communication will, by no means, be well received by the politicians of our State, but nevertheless they treated us with contempt in the last Legislature, and thereby merited one even more rousing than this or any that I can pen. We have hitherto been doing all we could for the politicians, and I think it is high time that they were making some grateful reward for our support, in the shape of a law for our interest and happiness. If the politicians will not vote us a prohibitory law, we will not vote them to the Legislature; but select those whose patriotism and philanthropy towers above their vanity and self-love, and who are willing to sacrifice their own political life for the advancement of their country's good. How beautiful it is to contemplate the patriotic struggles through which we will have to pass, and by which our beloved Carolina will be redeemed and redeemed from the thralldom of intemperance! The ineffable joy and satisfaction which we shall receive from the approval of that inward arbiter, an unerring conscience, will more than compensate us for the toils and labors through which we will have to pass in the accomplishment of our great and glorious object. When we contemplate the proud reflection that, when we are no more, a grateful posterity will remember us for their deliverers from the blighting curse with which we are now unhappily surrounded, we feel that we are ten thousand times rewarded for the efforts which we have made in their behalf. Let us then onward, in our noble career of freedom, not until every Star of the beautiful and sublime galaxy which constitutes our Union, shall be redeemed from the infamous and relentless influences of rum. When we shall come off from this battle as conquerors, with our bloodless weapons, we will justly feel prouder than Cicero did, when by his sagacity and influence, he saved his country, the Roman Republic, from the tyranny of Cataline; nay, even prouder, if it were possible, than Washington himself, when he was hailed by his contemporaries and remembered by posterity as the "Father of his Country."

Pleasant Hill, N. C. Feb. 26th 1853.

## FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. INVINCIBLE.

Mr. Editor:—I trust you will not consider me obtrusive, in attempting to introduce myself to your popular columns, by way of making a few observations concerning the distinguished advocate of Temperance, P. S. White, who has excited a profound interest with this people in behalf of his noble enterprise, and has, so to speak, electrified us by an eloquence almost unparalleled in its kind. I make no pretension to the character of a critic, but if I were one of that class, I would have here nothing to say, but in the warmest and sincerest praise.

When I think of the millions yearly listening to the admonitions of the Christian pulpit, and how few there are, comparatively speaking, vividly impressed with the great truth, that every one in his proper sphere should live for his fellow man, I am tempted to exclaim: How many centuries more shall be required to teach even the so-called religious world the true meaning of the term Christian? Nothing, perhaps, of a mere human origin, will tend so strongly to hasten the arrival of the much to be desired time, (when men will practice as well as know their duties) as the Temperance reform. When this movement, or the spirit of it shall have obtained its due, universal ascendancy, then the watchword of the 18th century will truly be "brotherhood."

Rapid as has been the progress of physical science, all it has done, and all it can do, is to illustrate the laws of Nature, (which are the laws of God) and to show how they work. Science, no matter how profound, can make no new laws, neither can it furnish any means for avoiding the penalties due the violation of established ones. Reader, whether in your own judgment interested or not, will you hear reason? If you will go to the house of the Temperance reform, there sit with an ear attentive to those startling, but real truths which flow from the lips of P. S. White, as from a fount of gushing eloquence, illustrating the philosophy of the human system, from his teaching you will find that the natural laws admit of no exceptions, and that the sciences of Physiology and Chemistry fully bear him out in all his arguments.— There is no room for evasion. Scrutinize closely his premises; follow him carefully to his conclusions, and if you cannot detect any

thing incorrect, then you must allow the full force of his influences. Is there not an inseparable connexion between the state of the mind and that of the body? Do they not reciprocally affect each other; and are not all their relations governed by invariable laws of cause and effect? Does not all our happiness flow from law obeyed; and is not all our suffering the penalty of violated law? Does not virtue and its consequence, happiness—depend on the exercise of all our faculties in harmony with the moral law; and vice and its consequence, misery, in the indulgence of our animal propensities in opposition to the dictates of morality and religion? And does not the powerful tendency to stimulate the animal, and subvert the moral nature?

Alcohol stimulates the nerves, mixes with the blood, and is carried to and through the brain with a too abundant amount of that fluid; but it drains muscular energy and leaves the mind and body benumbed. It weakens the intellectual powers and moral perceptions; it reverses the natural order of things and produces vice and misery. The result of all is to shorten life, by draining off the vital energies without affording material for a new supply.

Is not every individual, who in any way furthers this result, guilty of a misprision of murder, by shortening human life? Ask your own conscience; ask reason, or facts! and you will find an affirmative answer to this question. Let those who drink, then, think of these things; and since they cannot escape the penalty of violated law, penitently acknowledge that, by persisting in their course, they are perpetrating suicide. And those who sell, reflect that they are guilty of homicide, to a greater or less degree, just as their custom may be large or small. It is urged as an objection, that the maker of the gun is not responsible for the murders committed with it; but it is replied that, between the making of a gun and the murder, there is no necessary or invariable connexion; whereas, there is a necessary connexion between the making or vending of liquor and the shortening of human life; ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of it being made to drink, and intended for that purpose by makers and vendors.

But, says some one, alcohol is a good creature of God, and made for our benefit. It is replied that, God no more makes alcohol than he does a steamboat or a mined mine. True, alcohol is one of the constituents of grain, but the decay of the grain must take place before it is developed. Intoxicating liquor, however, is no more found in grain than it is in a steamboat in a forest without water, or gunpowder in saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, each a thousand miles apart; or men in the woods a city; or wood potash. Another agent says, "If I do not make or sell ardent spirits, some one else will, and I may as well have the profits as them." So you may, and the curses also for they follow necessarily. It is granted that alcohol is useful as a medicine, but it should be used as such only. Cases of nervous prostration may sometimes occur in which some potent stimulant is required, but in such cases let the physician deal it out a spoonful at a time, a dose which, in the day of Queen Elizabeth, was deemed sufficient for a robust man. Says some one again—"Never sell to a drunken man."— That is, you will not kill off a drunkard, but you will make a sober man one—you will not push the head of a drowning man under water, but you will shove the man who is safe on shore into the stream. But, says the drinker, I can measure my depth and stop when I please. As P. S. White, however, demonstrated this, is it not a fact that stimulants weaken the capacity for self government and leave one a prey to a morbid and ruinous appetite?

Let us assist, then, to further and preserve all our best interests, by aiding the Temperance reform.

Elizabeth City, March, 1853.

JOHN RANDOLPH OUTDOKE.—Of the many amusing anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we do not believe the following was ever in print:

He was through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted—during the mean time, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn keeper was a fine old gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion.— Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid.— The landlord still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows: "Which way are you traveling Mr. Randolph?" "Sir!" said Mr. Randolph with a look of displeasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?" "Have I paid you any bill?" "Yes."

"Do I owe you any thing more?" "No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please—do you understand?" "Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes the servant returned to inquire for his master, which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent, just take which road you please."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.—A Priest was called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another and pronounced his benediction; until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. "Ah!" said he, "brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!"

## A Thrilling Incident.

A merchant, wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his favored child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests.

Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper.— The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood," said the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in a barrel."

Her master dashed down the stairs; the passage was long and dark—his knees threatened to give way under him—his breath was choked—his flesh seemed dry and parched as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full to the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick. This sight seemed to wither all his powers. The laughter of the company struck his ear like a knell of death. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above—the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion.— He fancied the candle moved—was falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it! The slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, pointed towards the objects of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved it away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs, he smiled at his previous alarm—but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

## CONTENTMENT—A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

It happened once, on a hot summer's day, that I was standing near a wall, when a little bird flew down seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the wall, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there in the stone-work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again I stood by a lovely sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary.— What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cap to take a further flight; but as it came up it spied the stems full of golden farina, good for making the wax, and it rolled its legs against them till they looked like yellow hosen, as the bee-keepers say; and then thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said: thus came earnestly seeking honey, and finding none, hasten back satisfied with wax, and hath stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou likewise shall be to me a lesson of contentment.

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble—that sometimes threatened to close around us, but the day is at hand, and even in the night there were stars, and I have looked on them and been comforted; for as one set I could always see another rise, and each was as a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God.

A Young and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry an old rich widower.— Her friends wished to know what she was about to marry him for? She feelingly replied, "Pure love—I love the ground (meaning his farm probably) on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives." There is a platonic love for you. There is none of your school girl foolishness in that.

A Little girl, ten years of age, seated beside her grandmother, aged eighty, looked up to her face and said:

"Grandma, at what age do ladies lose their relish for gallantry?"

The grandma replied:

"Indeed, my dear, I do not know; you must ask some one older than I am."

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Fitchburg Revere has an anecdote of Judge Merriek in a case some years since, growing out of the fifteen gallon law. A lawyer was arguing against the constitutionality and expediency of the law, when the judge intimated that he could not hear an argument so absurd. The Democratic advocate was amazed. "Is it possible that your honor can be of such an opinion, after the resolutions introduced by Judge Merriek at the late Democratic convention at—?" "The opinions of Judge Merriek in the caucus room are one thing; sitting on this bench they are another, quietly observed the late politician.

## Original Story.

Written for the Spirit of the Age—Raleigh.  
THE TORY'S DAUGHTER,  
And the Haunted Cave.

BY WILL. WILLOWILL.

## CHAPTER IV.

Their clamors rend the hills around,  
And earth re-bellows with the sound;  
And many a groan increased the din  
From broken noes and battered skin.

TRUMBULL'S M'FINGAL.

At different points along the range of mountains, described faintly in our preceding pages, there are natural channels dug out it seems by some convulsive effort of nature. They are called 'Gaps,' thus giving what would otherwise have been an impossibility—a passage through the Ridge. Nearly all of the 'Gaps' are now traversed as well trodden thoroughfares, over which the white top of the emigrants and trader's wagon may be seen, at the present day, dotting its course here and there as it winds through the circuitous route.

Baptiste Howard joined the whigs phalanx at one of these Gaps, near which they camped during the night. He was well acquainted with the Captain of the Company, and as soon as the campfires were lit he enquired of him respecting the course he designed pursuing; and upon being told that it was their purpose to cross the next ridge at a Gap which was known in its day as the Maiden's, but now is known far and near by another name, having been changed for son, reason unknown to the author. When Baptiste learned that the Captain intended crossing at the 'Maiden's Gap,' early the next day, and to proceed directly to the Alamance to meet and counteract the depredations of the Tories, he warmed up and said:

"If you cross at the Maiden's Gap, Captain, which you must do unless you retrace your steps, I hope you will take my word and be in that Gap long before daylight; for I am well assured that the Tories intend to conceal themselves on the hill north of the Gap and fire upon you where you are fairly under their guns; so if you will take my humble advice, sir, you will either make the pass before they arrive, or take a stand on the south side and pay them off in their own coin when they make their appearance in the Gap below."

"I will take your advice, young man," said the venerable Chieftain, after a few moments' reflection, "and my men shall be there in ambush long before the lazy Tories are awake."

It was truly said; for the whigs were promptly upon the spot long before daylight, awaiting the approach of the Tories. They were concealed in ambush on the south side of the hill fronting the Gap, and each man was strictly charged to remain perfectly quiet until the Tories were fairly within their range, and to fire upon them at the word of command from their Captain. They did not wait above an hour until the sound of the horse's feet, and the low conversation of the coming fog, was heard up the road. An attentive ear could make out a portion of the conversation, and heard the plans of the enemy as they were passed between the leaders of the Tory clan. A cloudless sky hung over the scene, but no moon shed a light upon it, and only a few pale stars peeped out and sent their feeble rays down through the heavy fog that had settled in if way up the sides of the hill. In the surrounding ravines, and in the gap through which the enemy was to pass, a dense and heavy fog had gathered, which effectually concealed the Tories from view. Knowing from the slight noise made by their movements that they were about ascending the opposite hill, there to lay concealed and ready to visit a most murderous fire upon the expected Whigs, Captain Townsend ordered his men to fire at random in the direction indicated by their movements among the bushes. A sharp volley of musketry echoed in response to the commands of the brave Captain, which was answered from below by a wild scream of terror from the cowardly foe; and the clatter of horse boots rattling and falling over the stones splinted told that they were rapidly leaving the spot where they received such an unexpected salute and where they had expected to play the same game upon the more wary Whigs. They did not return the fire, but with screams and whoops, and yells, like a horde of terrified Indians, they fled from the scene of action as fast as their powers of locomotion would carry them, followed by the deafening huzzas and cries of exultation from the ranks of the proud and triumphant Whigs.

When the light and warmth of the morning sun dispelled the fog and drove the darkness of night from the Gap, the victors descended from their covert to inspect the effect of their charge. In the Gap, and on the hill side, they found several wounded, dead and dying horses; three or four muskets and more than a half dozen Tory hats, whose frightened owners did not care to lose time in searching for. The wounded horses were killed through mercy, the hats were cut in shreds and the guns taken into possession as the trophies of war. To one of the Tories were killed, but traces of blood were seen along the road where they had retreated, which convinced the Whigs that either some of the Tories, or their horses had been carried away wounded, and perhaps dying.

The daring courage and stratagem of Baptiste connected with this skirmish, at once exalted him in the opinion of his Captain and fellow soldiers, and he was immediately adopted as a general favorite among them, and dubbed a brave fellow and a great man in the cause of Freedom and human rights.

## CHAPTER V.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love:  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove—  
Where Time seems young, and life a thing divine:—

Yes, this is Love—the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—  
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

The night after the skirmish at the 'Maiden's Gap' the whigs lay encamped a hard day's travel thenceforward. Their horses were picketed around the camp lazily eating the dry provender thrown on the ground before them. A clear sky was stretched above them like a mammoth parachute with a thousand bright stars glittering in their places. The greater part of the company were stretched on their blankets sleeping soundly after a weary day's travel; three only were awake—Baptiste Howard, Jonathan Crabtree and Jack Bluffale, who, on duty as sentinels, were sitting around the campfire that blazed on cheerily casting its bright gleamings on the sleepers and all surrounding objects. The three were in busy conversation:

"I'll tell you comrades," said Howard, "I am in a peck of trouble, and there is no use in keeping it concealed; for in joining the Army I have voluntarily deprived myself of the company of one of the sweetest of God's creatures: Columbine Greenwood is as dear to me as my own life, Mr. Crabtree; and the fact of my leaving the mountains to go to Alamance, or wherever duty calls me, I not only lose her company, but I fear I shall be the innocent cause of her losing her life; for I am not there to protect her, and there is a base, cowardly Tory prowling about her home seeking her destruction. You see he once tried to gain her affections, but he was too miserably for any respectable woman to love, and without much economy she rejected him. As soon as that was done he became her sworn enemy and has been trying ever since to render her miserable—the wicked wretch is none too good to take her life if he thought he would not be detected. While I was in the mountains I could always counteract his designs, but now, during my absence, it is to be feared that he will bring to